Tempus est reversed (In Omne Tempus)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/25337470.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Time Travel, Pre-Canon, Post-Canon, First Meetings, First Time, First Kiss, Alternate Universe, Scar Worship, Tattoos, Premonitions, Murder Husbands, Reverse Bang, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, Hannibal definitely won't let this opportunity pass by, Surgeon Hannibal Lecter, Feelings, Destiny, Police Officer Will Graham, Blow Jobs, Rimming, Explicit Sexual Content, Hannigram Reverse Bang 2020, Hannigram - Freeform, Art
Language:	English
Collections:	Hannigram_Reverse_Bang_2020
Stats:	Published: 2020-07-19 Words: 10,052 Chapters: 8/8

Tempus est reversed (In Omne Tempus)

by Nalyra

Summary

Will Graham wakes up on a perfectly normal morning with a strange litany of scars and a tattoo that wasn't there the night before. Even stranger is the fact that apparently no one but him can see the scars or tattoo - or so he thinks. Little does he know, there are others finding themselves in similar circumstances, including the trauma surgeon tending to his new stab wound, Dr. Hannibal Lecter. After their fateful meeting, the two of them slowly regain fragmented memories of a past life - or perhaps a future life?

Notes

I loved this prompt by the wonderful Ninpotato... I hope you like what became of it! <3

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Itching.

Insistent, nagging itching, tingling just below the skin, right there on his right shoulder.

Will reaches up with his left hand, still befuddled with sleep, eyelids fluttering, nose crunched up a bit at the unnerving beeps and commotion off to his right side. He scratches at the shoulder, his fingernails catching on the long-healed scar, raised only slightly now and jaggedly-round.

His hand halts, brows coming together in confusion, sluggish awareness creeping in.

I didn't get shot… I got stabbed, what the hell?

He inhales deeply, consciousness returning fully with the deliberate opening of his eyes, the harsh hospital lights above him triggering an instant grimace. Hasty steps and hushed but rushed voices just outside of the drawn curtains, the sounds of healthcare workers doing their best. *Guess a cop's insurance doesn't cover private rooms.*

He sighs, frowning again, amending the thought with an involuntary shrug, pain shooting through his shoulder immediately, right there, under his hand. Just - on the backside.

Right - that's where I was stabbed.

He pulls a face, his hand dropping to his stomach on the blanket, taking stock.

Stabbing wound in his back right shoulder throbbing and shooting pain through his back? Check.

Palms scratched from when he fell down and tried to catch himself? Check.

So far so good.

Shoulder bearing a strange and apparently long healed and professionally stitched… bullet wound scar? Weird.

Will swallows, yawning wide, freezing mid-motion when the skin on his right cheek pulls on the skin somewhat weirdly, his tongue encountering a raised scar line on the inside of his cheek. The scar on his gums where his teeth obviously got repaired, the texture of them much smoother than the surrounding ones.

Will's hand flies up, ignoring the pain from his shoulder, his fingers mapping the outside scar, eyes wide, suddenly wide awake.

What the holy hell.

He pushes himself up, setting his teeth against the pain the motion elicits in his shoulder, ignoring it. *Bathroom, now. With a mirror.*

He reaches for his emergency on the chair off to the left; the bag that his partner Jim must have obviously brought by from the station, vowing silently to thank him later. He pulls a white shirt over his head without much ado, careful not to detach the adhesive plaster on his back. And without trying to look himself over some more, for now. Sweatpants up and he's off, shuffling through the corridor on bare feet, head slightly down, keeping himself small. People hustle by, ignoring him and Will breathes a sigh of relief when he finds the bathroom just around the corner, and empty, too.

He locks himself in, leaning back against the door for a moment with a sigh of relief, surprisingly exhausted for so short a way. *I feel like somebody put me through the trenches.*

Fractured somehow.

He shakes his head, pushing himself up, relieved when he sees the large mirror above the sink.

Alright then.

He pulls the shirt off, throwing it onto the towel rack to the side and inhales deeply.

His eyes travel slowly over his body, feeling increasingly out of it, reality taking a step back.

A healed shot wounds on both the right and left shoulder. Stab wound scar on the right cheek. Large cut wound scar on the forehead. Long scar on his abdomen, shaped like a bitter, lopsided smile.

A stab wound scar next to the bullet wound on his right shoulder.

Long thin cut wound scar on his jaw, just behind the beard line.

And to top it all off - something that seems like a *fucking* tattoo on his left chest, close'ish to his heart.

None of these were there yesterday.

Will raises a shaking hand to his mouth, trying to ground himself, his eyes riveted to his mirror image. He feels like falling, tumbling through frigid air.

This can't be real?

How… when?

I don't recall getting those.

He scrunches his eyes shut, reopening them again after a moment, trying to control his breathing. No change. He closes them again, concentrating hard on his breathing now, trying to relax. His muscles soften in increments, new sensations stealing themselves into Will's consciousness.

The tingling of the scars. Pulsing and pain of the stab wound. A bone deep ache permeating his whole body, draining his energy. The fiery line of the tattoo, throbbing in sync with his heartbeat.

Of all the things…

He snorts, rather drily, shaking his head while reopening his eyes.

He steps closer to the mirror, trying to decipher the mirrored letters. The font is elaborate, elegant, like antique hand writing. Two capital letters. "H" and "L".

Whatever the hell that may stand for.

The shock at seeing all the weird new additions to his body settles slowly, like a veil drifting down. It doesn't feel wrong, Will realizes. *Why doesn't it feel wrong?*

He rubs his hands over his face, exhaling in a rush. He licks his lips, clearing his throat, grinning harshly at himself, totally devoid of humor. "Time to see the doctor!"

He reaches slowly for his shirt, the action taking a huge amount of energy out of him.

Shuffling back to his bed, he tries to catch someone's eyes, but everybody seems busy, ignoring him. Will harrumphs and sits down on his bed in a bit of a huff, pulling a face.

It takes a while.

Eventually a middle-aged woman enters his curtain-secluded-cubicle, smiling tightly at him. She looks at the patient sheet, her brown eyes scanning the information swiftly, starting to talk to him, while still perusing the data.

“Good morning, Officer Graham. I am Dr. Fernandez. I see you’re up and about, which is good. We did not have much trouble stitching you up, though you were out of it for a while.” She looks up, her eyes narrowing. “For two days, to be precise. We didn’t see any physical reason for this, though given your profession, it may be explicable by exhaustion mixing with pain killers.”

Will remains silent, blinking rapidly, only pressing his lips together, nodding at her to continue.

“Your condition is good enough to send you home after a final check-up.” She raises her eyebrows, her gaze on his, hesitant. “If you’d like, that is. And only if you have someone to check up on you. Given your prolonged unconsciousness I would recommend staying another day though.”

Will purses his lips, clearing his throat. “I… don’t recall anything after the actual stabbing. Definitely not being here for two days.” He shrugs, grimacing when pain shoots up his shoulder.

The doctor smiles softly, tapping the data sheet. “Temporary amnesia. You may recall the short time you were conscious after the stabbing in a little while. Or maybe not. The brain is a rather unpredictable organ, especially when it comes to trauma.”

Will nods, licking his lips. “A propos trauma. What about all those other scars?” He waves a hand at himself, vaguely encompassing all he found. “And that stupid tattoo? Do you know who did that?” *I bet that was Jim, his revenge for me not taking the shot. Just his humor. Though he really has to explain to me why he chose these letters.*

Dr. Fernandez looks at him with a frown, her head tilting a bit to the side. “What tattoo?”

Will shoots her a dark look, pulling the shirt up and off his torso, hissing when something in his shoulder rips. Dr. Fernandez sighs, looking over his shoulder, her look turning reprimanding.

“You ripped your stitches. I’ll have the resident surgeon come by to redo them.”

Will ducks his head a bit, grimacing. “Sorry.” He inhales, pointing at his chest with his left hand, his voice gruff. “I mean this tattoo. It feels new.”

Dr. Fernandez frowns once more, more deeply this time, her eyes coming up to Will’s face, searching for signs of humor, her tone taking on an edge. “Officer Graham, I’d rather appreciate it if you didn’t steal my time.”

Will’s mouth freezes around a “What”, then anger rolls through him, his voice turning sharp. “What about all the new scars on me? Where are they from, why are they already healed? You’re saying I was only here for two days but I’m sporting scars that are weeks, no months old, and I feel like I fell off a fucking cliff!” He points at his right cheek. “There, look! Somebody has apparently stabbed my cheek and it went through and through my gums, destroying at least one tooth!”

Dr. Fernandez’ expression shutters. She pulls out a flash light, shining it into Will’s eyes, shaking her head, sighing heavily. She licks her lips, her voice grave. “Officer Graham. I can only hope you are having fun, since there are no old scars on your body, no scar on your face. Your eyes seem fine, though you as a whole seem a bit unhinged. There is no tattoo on your chest.”

Will watches her with wide, unbelieving eyes, stunned into silence, breathing heavily. Dr. Fernandez clears her throat, continuing more gently. “Maybe what you experience is the remnant of a dream, shadowing your perceptions.” Will looks away, refraining from snorting, knowing it definitely would not help. “I will get the surgeon to redo your stitches. I have to insist though that you may not leave the hospital without supervision, since your mental capacities seem to be affected.”

She turns and leaves, the scratching sound as the curtain is closed feeling like a coffin lid being closed, leaving Will alone and utterly confused.

Chapter 2

He just stays there, shirt scrunched in his hands, mind blank.

At some point the nurse comes in, removing the bandages on his back to prepare the restitching, her smile kind. “The doctor will be here soon.” Steps outside the curtain, a shadow pulling it back proves her words to be prophetic.

Will nods uncaringly, his voice exhausted. “I guess you don’t see a scar on my … “, he shrugs lightly, mentally going through the assortment of scars, “on my forehead either”?

The nurse blinks at him, shooting a look at the man standing next to her. “On your forehead?”

Will cackles, pointing as he rattles off his new features. “On my cheek, on both my shoulders, on my jaw and temple - ok, that one’s tiny - and that long ass one on my stomach. And - lets not forget - the tattoo on my chest.”

The nurse’s gaze drops to Will’s chest, her expression turning careful and Will sighs, heavily, knowing she does not see them either.

Some instinct makes him look up at the man though, energy jolting Will up into a stand when he sees his expression. The nurse hurries forward and settles Will back down onto the bed with a few muttered words, though Will does not listen, does not hear, his eyes riveted to the man in front of him, the man in green clothes and a surgeon mask, the red-brown eyes burning like flames and riveted to Will’s tattoo.

He sees it.

HE SEES IT.

Relief washes through Will, making him light headed and he lies down, unheeding of the lightly bleeding wound on his back, the flood of hormones easily drowning out the pain. He puts a hand to his forehead, closing his eyes for a second before pushing himself up into a sitting position once more, ignoring the muttering nurse. He looks up, searching for and finding the man’s gaze, now burning into Will.

Will raises his chin, challenging him silently to react and it seems to jolt the surgeon out of his stupor, his voice coming haltingly at first, gaining in sonority with every word, while he reaches for the patient data, perusing it as Dr. Fernandez had before him. “Nurse Adams, thank you, I will take it from here. I believe this patient needs a lot of rest still, and the fewer interactions the better.” He raises an almost invisible eyebrow and Will wonders a bit at the facial bone structure, the strong features, the burning gaze. *Possessing an accent, too. East european, maybe.*

Nurse Adams shoots Will a look and leaves, pulling the curtain tight behind her. A moment passes in which the surgeon seems to gather his thoughts, come to some kind of decision.

“I see Dr. Fernandez has recommended mandatory supervision. I concur.” He looks up and at Will, pressing his lips together for a moment before he continues. “Officer Graham, I am currently changing careers a bit, I will become a Doctor of Psychiatry soon. I have time off work starting tonight. It would be a pleasure to supervise you for a few days at my home. I feel your… “, he hesitates, his gaze dark and intense, making Will want to squirm under it, “your special case may be quite interesting.”

Will is taken off guard, unsure as to how to respond. The surgeon holds up a gloved hand. “Ah, no need to respond now, think on it.” He bends forward, his fingers touching Will’s bleeding shoulder, examining the wound, his face very close to Will’s suddenly. *Expensive aftershave.* Will doesn’t care to examine the emotion accompanying this thought further. The surgeon’s voice is soft, his breath tickling Will’s neck and shoulder, making his hairs stand up. “Forgive me, Officer Graham, I have been unspeakably rude. I forgot to introduce myself.” He looks at Will, locking their gazes, his voice a gravity Will cannot escape. “My name is Hannibal Lecter.”

Will stops breathing, his mind coming to a halt. Peevish sarcasm rolls through him, turning into thought: *H and L. And he can see your scars and tattoo. Fat chance for a coincidence, huh?*

Dr. Lecter smiles at him, thinly, as if reading his thoughts, his gaze returning to examine the wound. Will looks at him from the corner of his eyes, swallowing.

He surprises himself saying: “Thank you, I’ll gladly take your offer Dr. Lecter.”

Dr. Lecter’s eyes flash back to his, red burning into stormy blue. A pause, in which his timbre drops, carrying an almost sultry undertone. “Please, if we are to spend time together, it would be advisable if you call me Hannibal.”

Will licks his lips, his breath suddenly short, feeling out of his depth, and yet right on track, stubbornness pulling him through. “Will.”

Dr. Lecter, no, *Hannibal*, Will corrects himself mentally, pulls up, smiling down at Will with a weird, indecipherable expression. For a long moment he hesitates and then nods, once, his eyes dropping to the tattoo on Will’s chest for a long, heavy moment. “Very well.”

Chapter 3

They ride down to the garage in silence, the air between them charged.

Will is wired and tired in equal measure, the duffle bag with his current belongings heavy in his left hand. His captain and partner had been by in the afternoon, debriefing him and taking him off duty for two weeks, the tone nice enough but with accusatory undertones, all of them well aware that Will should have taken the shot.

Should have called in at least.

Definitely should not have emphasized with the dirty, worn-out and thin youngster, who had been trying to get his hands on some money to buy himself some heroin to stave off his addiction, find some peace of mind, even just for some hours.

Will had felt so connected to *that* concept.

And he most definitely should not have turned his back on the kid to try to hold his partner back when he had arrived at the scene, giving him an opportunity to use the knife he held and get away.

Dammit.

The door opens with a soft ping, pulling Will from his thoughts. Hannibal gestures toward the left corner of the subterranean garage, indicating the big car off to the side. Will clicks his tongue, unable to hide the almost malicious smirk, raising his left eyebrow. “A Bentley?”

Hannibal shoots him a look with a surprisingly open smile, his teeth flashing for a moment. *Shark smile. He sees right through you.* “You will see that the seating will be beneficial for your back.”

Will snorts, inclining his head in a mock surrender. “Of course.”

Hannibal opens the trunk and puts their belongings into it, closing it with a soft, somehow ‘final’ thud. “Never pass on a good thing, Will.”

He looks over at Will and Will tears his eyes away, confused at the intensity of the gaze. He clears his throat, pulling the door on his side open and carefully lowering himself onto the luxurious seat. “I hope I’m not interfering with other plans.”

Hannibal gets in as well, starting the engine with a small smile. “No need to worry. My … “, he hesitates and Will has the distinct feeling he’s looking for the correct interpersonal denotation, “my friend also works at the hospital as a surgeon and it was he who took a look at head and your brain scans during your prolonged unconsciousness in my stead.” Hannibal taps the steering wheel with his index finger, the first sign of nervousness Will has seen, conversely making him feel slightly more relaxed. Hannibal clears his throat and puts in the gear, clicking his tongue. “He will understand why I have to cancel our engagements.”

Uh huh.

Will blinks but refrains wisely from commenting, wondering what exactly these ‘engagements’ contained. He shifts his focus away from his present situation, taking all the things into account he knows so far of Dr. Lecter, his eyes unseeing on the gray concrete walls of the garage that flit by as they make their exit. He frowns, wondering, then asks, keeping his tone light. “Did you ask him to?”

It’s a double trap in wording and the prolonged pause that follows tells him that Hannibal knows, trying to evade it. If he did and answers truthfully, he will reveal more of his relationship to the friend to Will. If he was not, the question stands, why Hannibal wasn’t the one who was called to examine Will and the scans, since he was listed as the resident surgeon on duty for the last few days. And if he lies - and Will is reasonably confident he’ll be able to tell… well, that will tell Will something else entirely.

Eventually, after almost two blocks down the road, Hannibal inhales deeply and then smiles sharply at Will, his eyes flitting over for just a second, his tone carrying something sharp with it. “I did not ask him to.” He hesitates and Will’s pulse quickens, knowing suddenly, even before hearing the comeback question. “Do you know why, Will?”

Awareness turns and cuts deep, knowledge welling up like blood from a cut.

Because you were unconscious in his bed, and he just thought you were too exhausted, momentarily taking over your duties so you could rest a bit more. He didn’t see you discover something new on your body when you woke up again.

Awareness and instinct or not, it is a far stretch.

Will cannot bring himself to voice it, sounding like a lunatic to himself. He licks his lips, his tone scratchy. “I think so.” He shakes his head with a short laugh, his hand pushing away a stray curl from his forehead. “Just… why did you decide to supervise me? I mean, yeah, seeing what I’m saying is a huge relief for *me*, but what is it to *you*?”

Hannibal quirks a smile that is almost devious, but tinged with some bitter emotion, his eyes firmly on the road. “I would recognize my own stitching anywhere.”

Will is stunned into silence for long moments, trying to wrap his mind around the sentence. “What do you mean, your own stitching. Of course, your stitches are on my back?”

Hannibal shoots him a look, pulling up into a long driveway, leading up to a secluded residential villa. “No, Will, those stitches were done in the ER. I… “, he hesitates, parking the Bentley in an automatically opening garage next to the house, “*I* did the stitches on your right shoulder and cheek.” He opens the door on his side, adding with gravity: “The healed ones.”

He leaves and Will looks after him with an expression of utter confusion, feeling completely out of his depth.

Chapter 4

The house is decorated tastefully but rather neutrally, the typical way of showing off money while not giving anything of one's personality away.

Empty.

Will lowers himself onto one of the chairs at the small kitchen table, noting with interest that certain additions have been made here, if nowhere else, little tidbits of equipment and tools. Herbs growing on the window sill, properly kept.

Hannibal pushes by him, busying himself getting out groceries from various cabinets, almost chatty. *This is his favorite place.* "I will make us an easy, light tomato soup with some short-baked bread." He looks up, his expression apologetic though Will cannot shake the feeling that his eyes try to convey something else altogether. "I am afraid I do not have any edible meat in the house."

Will gives a short wave with his right hand. "Don't worry. I am happy with whatever you might have."

Hannibal smiles at him and then steps past him again, reaching up to retrieve a bottle of Chianti. Will leans forward a bit, giving him more space, and Hannibal comments on the motion, his tone almost wistful. "My apologies. The next house I own will possess a bigger kitchen and a proper dining room." He sighs, raising his eyebrows. "This was a bit of a concession, I needed to leave my previous lodgings and did not have much time looking for a house which would fit all my specifications."

He pulls out the cork, sniffing it before looking at Will. "Would you like some wine?"

Will hesitates, grimacing a bit, his stomach rumbling as if on cue. "Ahhh, I'm not sure, thank you Dr… Hannibal. I haven't eaten in a long time."

Hannibal pulls out two glasses, pouring a bit into each, offering one to Will. "Only a sip then." He smiles, toasting Will before continuing. "We would not want to get you drunk, would we."

Hannibal turns away to pull out the flour and Will cannot help but take a large sip at the comment, his mind racing. He exhales, clearing his throat, deciding to take the proverbial bull by its horns. “You’re flirting with me.”

Hannibal takes a sip of his own wine before putting it down and measuring some lukewarm water, a small smile on his lips. “Thank you for noticing.”

Will stops himself from rolling his eyes, weirded out by his own sense of calmness. “You said you recognized your own stitching on wounds on my body, yet we haven’t met before.” He raises his eyebrows, shrugging. “At least not that I am aware.”

Hannibal mixes the water with the flour, starting to knead it thoroughly. “We have not.”

Will tilts his head to the left. “It does not seem to faze you that this… just does not make sense? How can you possibly have made those stitches and what makes you so sure? Is there no margin for error?” Will inhales, slowly getting upset. “I did not have these old wounds before yesterday, or, to be more precise, before I received the stab wound and fell unconscious. And now I am literally riddled with them. We have not met before and nobody around me can see these scars except me - and *you*. And yet you are calm, and courteous and… *flirting* with me?!”

He is breathing heavily at the end, feeling unmoored.

Hannibal flattens the dough into a small round circles, sprinkling some herbs onto them before turning to preheat the oven. He looks at Will, his expression, light and amused all evening suddenly serious and grave. “Would you like to know why?”

Will raises his hands a bit, his eyebrows going up as well, eyes wild, trying to keep his tone even. “Please.”

Hannibal wipes off his hands and steps close, starting to unbutton his shirt, his gaze heavy on Will’s. Will can feel his cheeks starting to heat up, trying to suppress it but he’s suddenly very nervous, his breath coming short. Hannibal pulls his shirt apart slowly, revealing a broad chest with a spatter of hair and… Will feels the walls of the kitchen close in on him, the air rushing out of him. Hannibal’s voice seems far away. “I wondered what these initials might stand for when I woke up, since I did not know anyone with a matching name. When I

entered your cubicle I knew even before I saw your tattoo, Will…" Hannibal lets go off his shirt, leaning down to Will, his hands holding onto the sides of the chair, effectively crowding Will back without touching him. Hannibal's breath is warm on Will's lips and it draws him back, falling into the blackish red eyes, his skin prickling. Hannibal continues slowly, his voice low, mouth hovering above Will's. "I fell for you when I smelled you, perceived your aura, even before actually examining you. But when I saw…", another deep breath and it jolts through Will, trying to claw into his guts. "When I saw, Will…"

Hannibal pushes back and Will feels bereft, breath coming short. Hannibal's expression is indecipherable, his tone wondering. "Somewhere, sometime, another 'me' has claimed you already. Has made his ownership of your body very clear, the entwinement of his life with yours. And since anything that *can* happen *will* happen… we seem to be preordained. Conjoined, maybe."

Will blinks, shaking his head, pulling a face. "But this doesn't make sense. The tattoo and the scars means someone has actively interfered with our bodies in order to … what. Mark us for each other? And why fake scars onto our bodies that seem to be long healed?"

Hannibal weighs his head, considering. "You're forgetting only we can see them, Will."

Will rubs his hands over his face, giving a short laugh. "Folie à deux?"

Hannibal smiles while straightening up a bit, slowly rebutting his shirt. "That would mean one of us had been sane while the other one shares in on his madness. As far as I know though, this strangeness befell us both at the same time."

Will drops his hands, reaching for the glass, drowning it in one big swallow. Hannibal wordlessly reaches for the bottle, refilling both their glasses. *Small sips be damned.* Will swirls the wine around a bit, his voice gruff. "So what. Some cosmic joker graced us with their attention and… gave us a heads-up from the future I guess? With added tattoos in case we didn't get the hint? To make sure?"

Hannibal chuckles, taking a sip, watching Will intensely. "Yes."

Will grunts, putting the glass down onto the table, hard, before pushing himself up. "This is insane. I'll go home."

Hannibal holds his ground, effectively standing in Will's way. A beat and then his stance softens somewhat, his body language relaxing. "Please. Not tonight."

Will grits his teeth, swallowing before he whispers, his heart beating with staccato beats. "And why not, might I ask? I'll call someone for supervision, promise."

Hannibal nods once, putting down his glass. And then he crowds Will back against the wall with one fluid motion, his body heat branding up to Will, making him light headed. Hannibal's body follows and it pushes the air out of Will, the leg between his legs pressing just enough to distract heavily, the hand on his left hip pulling him in, the other on his neck tilting his head and then Hannibal's mouth is on his and there's no thought anymore, just pressure, and softness and soft nipping and a touch of tongue that jolts through every nerve and then the leg starts pressing just the slightest bit rhythmically and Will moans, allowing the invading tongue deeper, fanning the fire with every wet glide. Hannibal withdraws with his teeth pulling on Will's lower lip, softly, both breathing heavily, and Will realizes he has a death grip on Hannibal's shoulders - and that he is aroused, dangerously so, even.

Hannibal drops his gaze to Will's lips licks his own, swallowing heavily. His tone is gravelly, rolling through Will. "That is why."

Will swallows, his arousal throbbing against answering hardness.

Oh.

Oh.

He swallows again, surprising himself once more, feeling light-headed. "Not tonight then."

Hannibal groans and bends down to kiss him again, the bread and wine forgotten.

Chapter 5

Will mewls into the kiss, raising his hips and Hannibal groans into his mouth, pushing his tongue deep before withdrawing, his mouth traveling down Will's throat, pushing up the t-shirt to get at his nipples. The thorough attention has Will leaking and hissing, his knees weak and Hannibal kisses his nose with a small laugh, making short work of Will's jeans and underwear.

Hannibal looks into Will's eyes and then sinks down slowly without breaking the gaze, his hands pushing Will's legs as far apart as the pants allow. Will moans, his hands not knowing what to do and Hannibal reaches for them, slowly and deliberately putting them onto his head.

Fuck.

Will closes his eyes, willing himself to calm a bit, way too close already. Hannibal hums and then bends forward, starting to lick the precome off him, his sounds of pleasure while doing so twisting Will's guts. Hannibal takes his time, dipping the tip of his tongue into the slit time and again, Will's hands clenched forcefully into his hair. By the time Hannibal finally takes Will into his mouth he is almost hyperventilating, his balls drawing up, his legs shaking. Hannibal's hand travels to them slowly, rolling them, suckling on the head and then start massaging behind them, pulling the skin while inching deeper and down, blacking all else out, Will's world reduced to the mouth on him, expertly reducing him to a pinpoint of excruciating pleasure. A finger rubs over his hole and the dry, scratchy counterpoint pushes him over with a cry, feeling the throat around himself swallowing him down, down, drawing it out almost painfully.

Hannibal hums around him and then releases him, with obvious delight, helping Will glide to the floor afterwards. Strong hands pull off Will's jeans and he is helping as much as he can by raising his hips, feeling uncoordinated, pressing the heels of his hands to his eyes, trying to just breathe. Hannibal grabs his legs and gently turns him onto his stomach with a chuckle and Will's hands catch his momentum and the movement makes him groan, shivering with the cold of the floor. His mind catches up, trying to find words of *something*, but then Will feels Hannibal's breath on his back, and then a push, spreading him, fingers kneading his ass, and a tongue, taking all of his objections with the first swipe.

It shouldn't be this good.

Especially not after an orgasm like that.

Will cannot really form any thoughts beside those, trying to keep his wits, *somehow*, writhing under the attention. Realization comes sluggish, slow but with feverish intensity.

He's preparing me. Right?

One swipe after the other comes and goes, his body gearing up again, lick after lick, moan after moan. He can feel himself open, the groan he can hear from Hannibal when he does so truly indecent. There's something he needs now, something he wants, but it doesn't come, the swipes steady and continuous, teasing now. He bucks up, trying to get more and Hannibal hums against him, but refuses to lick with more pressure, or lick into Will.

Frustration builds gradually and Hannibal seems to sense it, chuckling against him before raising to all fours above him, nosing at Will's neck, before lowering himself onto Will's back, fully clothed. "Not tonight, darling."

Will groans, if with disappointment or relief he cannot tell, the cold tiles beneath his hands too warm. Hannibal sets his teeth to Will's neck and waits for a long moment and Will closes his eyes and … growls, some instinct telling him to give into the need, to let his sounds out freely. Hannibal bites down, bruisingly and Will shouts, a shock of pleasure and pain almost masking the sensation of warmth spreading through his skin.

Almost.

Christ.

It's just short of enough to make him come again.

Hannibal rolls them onto their sides with a sigh and Will reaches for him, but Hannibal catches his hand, kissing the knuckles. "Don't. I… enjoy the anticipation."

His eyes sparkle and Will swallows heavily, relaxing in increments only. They just lie there, mind empty, body thrumming. Will licks his lips, watching Hannibal track the movement hungrily but sedately, wondering at the righteousness of the feelings, at the missing panic, at the easy acceptance, the forgotten preferences. *If those ever existed, that is.* He inhales deeply, his voice tinged with amusement, words coming very slowly, dreamlike. "Point me to the shower, feed me and then do it again in the morning."

Hannibal raises his head, his eyebrows going up. “Oh?”

Will turns onto his back, hiding his smile. “Well, *you* said ‘not tonight’.”

There is a pause and then Will can feel Hannibal plop down again, mumbling drily: “You will be the death of me.”

Will swallows, a sudden gist of coldness rushing through him, a shudder of premonition, ill fitting and yet *feeling true* stealing his breath. He shakes it off with an effort, trying for levity. “You have no idea.”

Chapter 6

The sheets are satin and feel like water on his skin, cool and smooth, wrapped around him.

The water is hard as they breach it, knocking their breath right out of them, pain lancing through every fiber. Bones break and the sea swallows them down, down down, red copper marking their way.

Will's eyes fly open, his heart beating rapidly while he tries to breathe through a feeling that feels way too much like a panic attack, like being unable to breathe.

Like being under water.

He blinks rapidly, trying to calm his racing heart.

Just a dream. It was just a dream. Nothing more.

But it doesn't feel like one. His hands clench on the pillow, eyes scrunched. A hand comes down onto the small of his back, just above the covers, gently but firmly, grounding him.

Hannibal leans against him, his thumb pressing a bit, and Will is suddenly extremely aware that he is almost naked underneath that sheet, and that Hannibal is likely as well. He blinks, trying to remember the rest of the night before but the thought vanishes immediately as Hannibal starts to speak softly, his voice sounding far away. "I have them too, these dreams." He pauses and Will rolls around to face him, not objecting when the hand settles on his stomach. Hannibal smiles softly, his gaze lowered. "Dreams that are so intense, but without shape, tinged with stifling emotions." He raises his gaze, locking it with Will's. "Since you have stepped into my life these dreams have gained the brilliant undercurrent of premonition."

His thumb starts to stroke Will's skin and Will looks down, his skin tingling where Hannibal strokes along the long, curvy scar on his stomach. He breathes out softly, relieved and excited. "You can still see it."

Hannibal raises his eyebrows, his tongue clicking. "I can. Whoever did this… knew exactly what they were doing, Will. They knew exactly how to cut you." His nail scratches softly

over the white line, sending shivers down Will's spine. "They wanted you to live." He presses his lips together for just a second, his head tilting. "This was meant as punishment."

Will blinks, his hand coming up to push the fringe out of Hannibal's eyes - to his own amazement, it feels right. He bites his lower lip, trying to formulate the thought. "You… think you know who did this." He frowns, watching Hannibal's eyes flit to the scar in his shoulder and back down. His breath catches. "You… think *you* did this."

Hannibal freezes for a split second, his eyes a deep red flame when they lock with Will's again. "Your body bears my marks. It stands to reason that this may have come through me as well." His gaze turns dark, the emotion coming off of him in waves so intense it takes Will's breath. "Though this punishment indicates a crime of severe extent indeed."

Breath is short and Will cannot tell if it is fear or excitement, watching Hannibal's nostrils open to inhale deeply. It makes his cheeks flush, his own voice not as stable as he would like it. "What kind of crime would you infer from this?"

Hannibal weighs his head, his eyes mapping out Will's face slowly, intimately. He licks his lips and Will feels his blush deepen, vaguely annoyed at himself but also reveling in the attention. "Something personal, I would think." Hannibal drops his gaze down to Will's stomach again, his hand slowly dragging over to Will's right side. "Something emotionally… gutting." He pauses, lowering his head very slowly, inhaling deeply while nosing close to Will's skin, his breath tickling. "Something that makes me think that if I would allow myself to indulge in this… rather fascinating adventure even more… ", he looks up, his voice dropping to a whisper, "that this will become an obsession, that the hunger for you will never cease, never fail, never be quenched." Hannibal bends down even more and licks along Will's scar, moaning as he goes. He looks up again, his eyes black, smiling wolfishly. "Never disappoint."

Christ.

Will cannot help it, he is hard, the satin sheet leaving nothing to the imagination. He unclenches his hands from the sheets with an effort, reaching for Hannibal and pulling him up roughly, their teeth clashing in a wild kiss, tongues pushing, hands clutching. Remnants of the taste of red wine still, and toothpaste, and something indefinable, utterly addictive.

Hannibal raises on all fours, shaking off his own sheet and Will groans into the kiss, his hand encountering naked skin only. Hannibal lowers himself and rolls on top of Will and aligns them, his right hand pushing down the sheet and Will's underwear in one fluid motion. His grip is tight and rough *and oh so good, and should it not feel weird*, *should it not matter?*, and Will grabs his buttocks and pulls him up and against his spreading legs, breaking the kiss to groan deeply. Hannibal bends forward and nips along the scar on his cheek, his voice

unstable, words panted. “You have no idea how exciting it is to see my markings on you, Will.”

He rolls into Will and his hand twists, drawing a moan from them both. He bends down and licks along Will’s jugular, mouthing at the bruise of the bite of the previous night. He sounds breathless and Will hums, turning his head to give him more space, enjoying the ripples of lust that trickle through him. “Let me have you, Will.”

Will closes his eyes, his breath coming short, his hands gliding along the skin on Hannibal’s sides. He encounters the bullet wound, frowning, mapping it out on both sides slowly.

Stalling.

Why… exactly… am I stalling?

Will turns his head back and pulls Hannibal’s head up and kisses him, more softly this time, trying out how their lips fit together, how the elusive taste that is ‘them’ rushes through him. Hannibal moans into his mouth, wetness smoothing the glide of his hand and Will knows suddenly, his stomach fluttering.

He lets the kiss end and then whispers against Hannibal’s mouth, his hands gripping Hannibal’s hips. “If I let you have me, you will not let me go, will you. Something that you believe belongs to you, bears your marks. Something that excites you, entices you even.” He hesitates, hissing as Hannibal presses his nail into the slit for a moment with a wolfish smile. Will slaps his hip, amusement bringing back an iota of levity. “If we fall off this proverbial cliff…”, he licks his lips, awareness rippling through him, “our lives will change irrevocably.”

Hannibal blinks slowly, his eyes dead serious, even as his tone is teasing. “And you don’t even know how good I am yet.”

Will snorts and then slaps him again, sobering up, gravity entering his tone. “I don’t even know you, yet.” His eyes flit back and forth between Hannibal’s, his hands drawing up Hannibal’s sides, while raising his legs slowly to lock behind Hannibal’s back, watching his eyes go black. “But I will.” There is something like a challenge in Hannibal’s gaze and Will raises his chin a bit, his smile turning dangerous for just a split second. “I will. I’m… “ Hannibal raises his eyebrows and Will swallows heavily, his heart skipping a beat, mouth dry. “I’m an empath.”

Hannibal freezes for a long moment, his gaze dark and Will is nervous, his palms growing sweaty. And then Hannibal bends down and presses a kiss to Will's lips, weirdly chaste, his voice full of wonder, sharp with excitement. "You truly are perfection, darling."

Relief rushes through Will, making him light headed, followed by sneaking doubt and light confusion. *Why does this make him so happy? Most people are deeply unsettled?* He blinks at the endearment, not finding time to address the issue as Hannibal kisses him, almost brutally now. With bruising intent. Hannibal releases them both from his hand and the sensation is masked by Hannibal sucking on Will's tongue, rhythmically, perfectly emulating. Will threads his fingers through Hannibal's hair and pulls him down further, opening wide, deeming air optional. Hannibal growls into Will's mouth and Will chuckles deep in his throat, pushing his hips up, feeling light headed at the answering hardness.

Hannibal breaks the kiss and then pushes down, sucking on Will's nipples, until Will has to reach up and grip the headboard to stop squirming, ignoring the slight wetness he can feel trickle down from the freshly stitched stab wound. Hannibal teases his nipples with his teeth until Will is reduced to mewling and then looks up, his expression raw and wild. "If you want - lower drawer. If you don't, I will take all you have to give into me."

Will hesitates a moment and then mouthes a "*fuck*", grabbing for the drawer, refusing to dwell on any reservations, his body already pulsing and needing. And leaking. He pulls the tube of lube out blindly, his focus on Hannibal's tongue, mapping out his scar again.

Obsessive.

Do I really know what I get myself into here?

Hannibal groans against his skin and takes the tube from him, sitting back on his haunches after a moment, Will's legs falling to the bed. Will watches him, breathlessly, unable to form a thought, his gaze caught by the proud cock, seemingly enormous. Hannibal presses a generous amount onto his fingers and then throws the tube to the side, locking his gaze with Will's. "Trust me, Will."

Will lets himself fall into the burning red of his eyes and nods, once, his heart beating rapidly. Hannibal pushes his right leg up with one hand, shuffling closer, his lubed fingers finding their target easily. He circles the two fingers, not breaching, the motion matched to echo his tongue's activities the night before and it's so good and not enough and Will watches the hungry expression on Hannibal's face, knowing his own bears a similar one. Another glide and suddenly Will has enough, bearing down onto them, forcing a gasp from them both. Hannibal snarls at him and then starts to finger fuck him, slowly but insistently, inserting a third finger almost immediately. Will hisses and Hannibal moans, his cock jerking obscenely. Will throws his head back for a second, his eyes closing, the thought crystal clear. *He likes it raw.*

He opens his eyes again, panting slightly, his eyes challenging. “Condoms?”

Hannibal smiles sharply, twisting his fingers, and Will almost shouts, his body clenching in pleasure. Hannibal chuckles, his voice deep. “We are both clean, Will.” He twists his fingers again, drawing a deep moan from Will. “I wish for nothing to be between the two of us, darling.”

He pauses, his tone weirdly vulnerable. “Do you?”

No I don’t want anything between us either.

It’s such a strangely romantic thing, especially from an almost complete stranger, and yet Will cannot help but feel warm inside and the truth of it, though it should be ridiculous. Will gives a tiny laugh, reaching for Hannibal and Hannibal comes, the kiss they share pure and lewd in equal measure. Will scoots down a bit and then pulls Hannibal up further, whispering, his tone brooking no argument. “On my terms.”

He draws his legs up, ignoring Hannibal’s try to reach down, linking their fingers and pulling them up over his head. Hannibal sighs into his mouth and Will hums, licking into Hannibal’s mouth, hitching up his hips a bit further, feeling the head of Hannibal’s cock glide and then catch, holding. He can feel Hannibal still, the muscles trembling a bit, his weight almost fully on Will. Will bends his legs a bit and tilts his hips, gravity and angle and lube aligning, taking his breath in an agonizing long glide. He breaks the kiss and groans tortuously, feeling too full, too much, too big.

And then Hannibal shifts his hips, pulling out and suddenly he’s too empty, the void throbbing to be filled. Hannibal squeezes his fingers and pushes down again and into Will, sighing when he sheathes himself deeply. Will tries to breathe, locking his ankles behind Hannibal’s back, momentarily distracted by the strange scar he can feel under his calves and Hannibal uses his distraction to push up a bit, his next push down quite a bit more forceful.

And rubbing… *there*.

Oh my god.

Hannibal grins and does it again, even stronger and Will shouts this time, his waning erection rekindled, starting to enjoy himself. Their kisses turn sloppy, wet, just as the glide turns wetter, the realization that it must be Hannibal’s precome an utterly unexpected turn on. Will feels himself tighten, getting close, and suddenly he throws Hannibal off with a huge push, pushing himself up after him. He crawls toward Hannibal and Hannibal falls back, Will using the opportunity to straddle him right away. He grins and then shifts forward, feeling daring,

the moment his cock presses against Hannibal's lips feeling surreal. But Hannibal just moans, suckling on the head, his fingers pressing rhythmically into the meat of Will's buttocks, pressing against his hole.

And relighting the need.

Will shakes his head, surprised that the need to be filled could be so demanding, surpassing even the tongue licking at him. He mewls and draws back, pushing back without further ado, crying out when Hannibal sheathes himself again, his hands on Will's hips now, holding on tightly.

Will throws his head back and rides him then, stroking himself in wild abandon, feeling utterly free. His orgasm hits almost as an afterthought, brutally intense, the clenching of his body around Hannibal prolonging the spasms. Hannibal groans but keeps holding on, slightly moving his hips even as Will falls forward, panting harshly, his fingers sticky. Hannibal pulls Will into a bruising kiss and then shoves him over, pulling him on all fours before claiming him again and Will cannot breathe, his body trembling and on fire, the carefully angled pushes against his prostrate too much and never enough, his brain flatlined.

Nothing, except static, iridescent, burning sensation of *yes, more, now*.

So this is heaven.

A few more pushes and Hannibal stills, the warm pulsing sensation *right there* triggering more aftershocks in Will, making him gasp and he falls forward, taking Hannibal with him this time.

Chapter 7

They lie there in the afterglow and Will can feel Hannibal grow soft, and glide out, followed by a sticky warmth that is in equal measure disappointing and deeply satisfying, and Hannibal seems to sense it, holding him tight, while bending down and starting to lap at Will's back. Awareness blossoms slowly and Will frowns, his voice rough, sated. Wondering. "Are you lapping up the blood?"

Hannibal stills for a moment, a bit peevishly as if caught, humming softly before answering. "The stitches are mostly holding. Just a drop or two escaped. No need to redo them." A pause in which Will can literally *feel* a protective layer descend around Hannibal. Hannibal's voice is deceptively soft, hiding the urgency behind the words. "Do you mind?"

Will mulls over the question and the implications he can feel, but cannot name yet. In the end, he's just being honest. "Not really."

Hannibal must be able to sense the truth of the statement because he relaxes in increments, bending down do suckle at the dip in Will's lower back, pulling at the skin lightly with his teeth before coming up again, pressing kisses to Will's vertebras as he goes. He noses along Will's neck for a long moment before sighing and rolling over a bit, his hand gliding along the length of Will's flank. Will turns his head and watches him, watches the dreamy ferality that graces Hannibal's features as he speaks. "There is just this wound in your back. It seems you learned from this encounter and always faced your opponents head on. An admirable feat."

Will crosses his arms and uses them as a cushion, watching Hannibal leisurely. "Opponents? Do you think there were more than one?"

Hannibal pushes up on one elbow, raising his eyebrows. "The scars you have prove that different weapons were used against you at different times. As you know, I believe that, interestingly, some may have originated through me, or have been treated by me."

Will swallows, frowning. "Yeah. Quite interesting indeed."

Hannibal hums and then turns onto his stomach as well, echoing Will's pose. It allows Will to see the huge scar that graces Hannibal's back and that he felt with his calves earlier, a round branding scar. He reaches out with his right hand and traces the letters, frowning. "Verger… this looks like a branding iron from the Verger meat production."

Hannibal's eyes glow darkly for a moment, watching Will's face intently. "I believe they must have confused me with a pig."

Will pulls a face and scowls and Hannibal shifts a bit, amusement and delight tinging his tone. "How does that make you feel?"

Will frowns, working his jaw for a moment, irritated. He blinks and then shifts the subject, his gaze challenging. “You called me ‘darling’.”

Hannibal smiles softly. “Yes?”

Will’s frown deepens, an edge creeping into his voice, deliberately crude. “Do you call all your affairs pet names on first fuck?”

Hannibal’s expression tightens and stills, his tone icy. “Rudeness is unspeakable ugly to me, Will.” He breathes out slowly, blinking once. “Though I will let it pass, this time, since we did not have… time to talk.”

Will watches him for a long time, letting his awareness roam freely. Lets himself truly see the room, the drawings on the table in the corner. The scalpel on it. The clothing he can see. The bed sheets, and, finally, the man in it. Who watches him with a guarded but hungry expression, carefully sculpted to resemble relaxed interest.

He is dangerous.

Will blinks, remembering that Hannibal thinks he might be the one who gutted him.

Due to a ‘gutting’ emotional trauma. He inhales deeply, then sighs, licking his lips, the memory of *them* returning with the lingering taste. His gaze drops to the letters apparently tattooed onto Hannibal’s chest, remembering his own, and with it comes the sheer weirdness of it all, the absurdity. The feeling of righteousness. He snorts, shaking his head, tilting his head. “Why do you think nobody can see the scars, Hannibal? Why … do we have these tattoos?”

Hannibal looks at him for a long moment, his voice sounding gruff when he finally answers. “Have you not noticed that they’re fading, Will?”

Will stills and then pushes up, sitting back with crossed legs, unheeding of the mess. He reaches up and inspects his cheek with his fingertips, frowning when he can hardly feel it anymore. He lets his fingers travel up to his forehead, tracing the long scar there with wide eyes, hardly feeling it under his fingertips anymore as well. He lets his hands drop and lowers his head to look at his own chest, feeling deeply unsettled when he sees the letters on his chest seem somewhat transparent.

He looks up again and at Hannibal’s chest, bending over him and pushing him onto his back, his hands stroking along Hannibal’s chest and then his lower stomach, where the bullet wound scar is still visible. But not raised anymore.

“Huh.”

Hannibal smiles indulgently and gently pets his upper leg and arm, watching Will’s face intently. “How does *this* make you feel?”

Will scowls, lightly hitting him with his hand, his tone dry. “You’ll make a great psychologist, I can tell.” He hesitates, then sighs. “I don’t know. Relieved. Disappointed. Confused.” He blinks, his tone low. “Sad.”

Hannibal is quiet for a moment, then cuts right to the chase. “Because if the initials, your specific mark of ownership on my body, fade, you believe your belonging here will vanish as well.”

He will truly make a magnificent psychiatrist.

Will freezes for a long moment and then swallows, heavily, forcing the pain down. “Yes.”

Hannibal nods, his smile turning gentle.”I never call anybody pet names, Will.”

Will snorts, fighting back sudden *quite idiotic* tears, angrily wiping at his eyes. “Only me, is that right.”

Hannibal’s hands still, his tone dead serious. “Only you, mylimasis.”

Will exhales a shaking breath, not needing to be told the translation, his soul feeling it just fine. Beloved. He tries to keep his voice even, tries not to hope.

Too much.

“Why?” He swallows, shrugging, his hands on Hannibal’s hands stroking absentmindedly. “What makes me so different?”

Hannibal’s hands come up to frame his face, gently stroking his stubble. “Of all the beings I have encountered in my life, you, Will Graham, are the only one with the actual capacity to understand me.” His eyes glitter and something shivers down Will’s spine, though if it is fear or excitement he cannot tell. Hannibal gently presses, his tone insistent. “Only you, and you seem to be destined for me. Are destined for me. Will be.” Hannibal tilts his head, watching as a tear trickles down Will’s face, which Will wipes at angrily. “Do you not have dreams so vivid it scares you? Dreams of red and black and violence, elevated to art. Dreams of longing and heart-break. Of emptiness and loneliness and… redemption.”

Will nods silently, his eyes closed. Hannibal continues, his thumbs stroking. His tone is soft. “Once, I lost someone. Rage filled me then, helped shape me into who I am today.” Hannibal smiles softly to himself, eyes flitting away for a moment, remembering, before returning to Will’s. “I tried to find a way to influence space and time then. Calculations to bend reality to my will, to be able to switch it whenever I would choose.”

He frowns, something akin to a snarl on his lips, there and gone again. “I believe I might have found them, sometime, eventually.”

Will frowns as well, watching him for a long moment before licking his lips, some instinct guarding him from making fun of this situation. “You… believe you have somehow… changed reality for us?”

Hannibal tilts his head, his eyes glittering. “Think about it Will. We bear each other’s marks, proof of future encounters on both our bodies.” He grins a bit, though his tone is grave. “It almost seems as if we might be … adversaries.” Will’s heart stumbles, his gut churning, knowing this to be true. And yet. Hannibal continues, his gaze drifting down to the fading black lines on Will’s chest, echoing Will’s thoughts. “And yet. We find ourselves in extraordinary circumstances, clearly marked for each other, blatantly so, even, and drawn to each other for it.”

Will smiles softly, a wistful smile. “And so that future is gone now, redirected into an alternative stream of time and space and destiny, while our reality bent itself to accommodate the changes.”

Hannibal’s hands glide down, pressing gently into Will’s hips, his thumbs stroking the skin gently. Suggestively. “I rather like how this turned out. Don’t you?”

Will shifts his hips a bit, allowing him more access, inhaling deeply when the stroking glides inward, almost there. He swallows, his right hand coming up to stroke the fading tattoo, the urge sudden and impossible to suppress. The words rush out, uncontainable. “I wish to redo them.”

Hannibal stills and then groans, his eyes turning dark, his hands finding their target, making Will close his eyes for a moment. Hannibal’s breathless laughter reaches him as if from far away, the edge of his voice balanced like on the tip of a scalpel, pointed and sharp and seemingly painless, cutting deep: “So be it.”

Will opens his eyes again and *accepts*, and then he bends down to tear a kiss from Hannibal’s lips, taking what is his.

Chapter 8

“They are gone, are they not?”

Will nods slightly, his cheek tickling with the curly chest hair that he lies on, his fingers tracing the spot where the shot wound scar had been on Hannibal’s stomach. He must have fallen asleep on Hannibal right after, for a few minutes, Hannibal’s legs still around his hips, his cock still buried in his body. *And he allowed it. Reveled in it.*

He licks his lips, his tone still drowsy. “Yes. And we’re stuck.” He makes a face, annoyance entering his voice. “Together, that is.”

He pushes up slightly, pulling a face and Hannibal surprises him with a real laugh, deep and full-bellied, his eyes glittering. *He’s happy. I… make him happy.* Will blinks rapidly and something must have shown on his face because Hannibal sobers and then rolls them over, the motion unsticking their skin and separating them, making them both hiss. Hannibal undulates a bit, utterly comfortable in his nudity, humming softly to himself. Will watches him, propped up on one arm, his body exhausted and yet wired, feeling calmer and more relaxed than he can remember.

He smiles at Hannibal, gently and indulgently, letting Hannibal push a stray lock from his forehead. He turns his face to the fingers and kisses them, wondering at himself, his tone light, though the words are not. “Will you show me your true self? One day?”

Hannibal stills, his face shuttering, but Will reaches up and grabs his fingers with his free hand, holding them against his lips, whispering. “Let me see you.”

He can feel the locked muscles in Hannibal’s body, though Hannibal’s posture is deceptively soft and for long moments nothing happens, but then, fiber by fiber, his body loosens and Will sighs, pressing small kisses to Hannibal’s fingertips once more. Long minutes pass and then Hannibal speaks, finally, his voice gruff. “I believe that is what you get when you get into bed with an empath.”

Will snorts, his eyes sparkling, challenging on Hannibal’s. “I have a knack for profiling.”

Hannibal grunts, his tone dry. “I believe this to be an understatement.”

Will frowns softly, tightening his grip a bit, rubbing his lips against Hannibal’s fingers, jumping the gun. “Would working as a profiler for, say, the FBI, put us on adversary sides?”

Hannibal’s breath is even, but Will can tell he is working hard to make it seem so. “It would.”

Will nods, more to himself, breathing them in deeply. *We stink.* He blinks, something deep and powerful stirring its head in interest. “Will you show me why?”

This time Hannibal does not tense, his answer a question as well. “Will you see?”

And then Will smiles, closing his eyes, his tone carrying a quantum of bitterness and tons of humor. “Ah, don’t you know Hannibal - I always do. *That’s my curse*.”

Hannibal lets out a long, tortured sigh, pulling his hand back slowly before pushing up and against Will, kissing him softly, lingeringly, achingly gentle. He falls back a bit and his eyes are black pits, filled with a raging fire, promising scorching ecstasy.

His voice echoes the eons, reverberating in Will’s heart, setting him free. “No, Will, don’t you see - *that is your gift*.”

End Notes

Hope you liked!!

I put some thoughts on how/why into a comment if you're interested!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!